

Stress Management

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Stress Management

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Summary

It's not easy being the CEO of a company like REVOCS, especially when your number one way of handling stress is gone on a business trip.

If it hadn't been for Satsuki's uncanny ability to reign in her own emotions, she might have easily killed someone. Lucky for the rest of REVOCS' board members and her elite four, she was still completely in control despite the circumstances.

"Lady Satsuki-

"I swear, Nonon, if this is more bad news I'll have to ask you to make it your problem."

The look of pure panic that crossed Nonon's face made Satsuki pause. With a groan she planted her face into her palms.

"Apologies." She could hear the soft padding of Nonon's feet on the carpeted flooring.

"I'm saying this as a friend, Satsuki." the sound of papers being disturbed on her desk made Satsuki look up. Before she could protest, Nonon had collected the majority of the reports that had been stacked in front of her. "Go home."

"I can't."

"You can. And not everyone gets why you've been in such a piss poor mood but I can venture to guess." There was a moment where Nonon narrowed her eyes dangerously at Satsuki. Her stomach rolled at the action. "And I would bet my life that my guess is right."

Satsuki wasn't certain how to deal with the blatant jab at her personal problems. Nor was she happy to admit that they had cut so deeply into her working capabilities. She prided herself on her constant resolve in the face of adversity. How was it that the absence of a single person could cause her morale to plummet so drastically?

"I'll take care of this shit." Nonon grunted as she slid the stack of papers into her arms. "Just go home and call her. Ok?"

Glancing at the clock on her desk, Satsuki frowned slightly. It was late. Potentially too late for the call Nonon was suggesting. "Fine. But leave those here. I refuse to have anyone pick up my own slack, especially you." The relieved look on Nonon's face was all the reassurance she needed in her choice.

Grabbing her coat and bag, Satsuki made her way out of her office and spent the majority of the ride home daydreaming. She despised the torrid effect they had on her and *hated* that the feeling wouldn't be quenched for another week to come.

She made sure to take a shower that was lukewarm that night.

Afterwards, she shrugged into a night robe and slid into bed with her tablet. But before she could begin to read the document she had brought up, her cell phone rang. Making no move to read the screen, she slid her finger across it to answer the call.

"This is Satsuki."

“No shit. It’s like I dialed your number and you answered. Ironical.”

Her heart stalled at the voice on the end of the line.

“Uh. Yah still there, Sats?” Satsuki realized she had been too stunned to respond. Clearing her throat, she set her tablet aside.

“Yes. I thought you’d be in bed by now, Ryuko.”

“Me? No way. I’m a night owl.” Hints of a muffled yawn could be heard. Satsuki rolled her eyes and settled back into the pillows behind her.

“I see. How’s the deal going?” Satsuki didn’t especially want to talk about business but it was the only topic point she could come up with without sounding forced.

“About that. We finished today, actually. Managed to get them to take your main terms on top of bagging the rest of what you wanted. Just have to sign tomorrow.”

Despite herself, Satsuki was genuinely surprised at Ryuko’s words. “Really?”

“Yep.”

“So…” *will you be coming home early?* She refused to finish her question.

“So?”

“I- thank you. It wasn’t my intention to send you alone-”

“Nah. It’s fine. Plus I know we had those board meetings come up and what with me being the only other person to sign in the Kiryuin name, it made sense. You made the right call.”

A smile curled across her lips at Ryuko’s words. “I suppose I did. You did a good job.”

“Heh. Anything for my sister.”

There was a lengthy silence then. Satsuki was too busy hiding the faint blush that had settled on her cheeks with the crook of her thumb and forefinger.

“You miss me?” Satsuki scoffed at the question.

“Is that rhetorical?”

“Mostly. Nonon called earlier. Sorta glad I’m half way across the globe.”

“That’s precisely the reason, though.”

“Yea, yea. But it’s not like you can’t… yah know. Take care of it yourself. God knows, you go three days or more and you start to get tense. Could swear your shoulders get so taut you could rip a walrus in half-”

“Ryuko.” Satsuki cut her off mid-rant. “You’re fully aware that-” despite no one being around to see the gesture, she cut through the air with her hand regardless, “*that* isn’t something I can usually do. At least, not to the same effect.”

“Aaah shit, that’s right. Though- I mean- what if you, like, had some help?” her eyebrow curved upwards at Ryuko’s provocative tone change.

“Help?”

“Yea- like. I’m sure I can still help. It’ll be a total win-win. We both get to have some fun and no one at REVOCS has to deal with you being a dictator.”

“You’re not suggesting that we-”

“That’s exactly what I’m suggesting.”

Satsuki sighed, aware that it was audible to Ryuko. Rolling on to her side she mulled over the implications of the situation at hand. It was a rare occurrence, but Ryuko had a point.

“Sooooo?” the playful hint to her voice was enough to cast the rest of Satsuki’s doubts to the side.

“Fine. How do people even begin to engage in this sort of thing?”

“Well...” the obvious grate of desire to the word caused an overwhelming burning sensation to course through her body. Satsuki resisted reaching down to quell the throb between her thighs. “Usually they’d ask what the other is wearing but I figure you’re probably hardly dressed.”

“Your assumption would be correct.” Satsuki couldn’t help but smirk; her toes curling in anticipation.

“You gonna let me tell you what to do for once?”

“I suppose I could sway to the power struggle. *This time.*”

“*This time?*” she could imagine the way Ryuko was biting her bottom lip in that moment. Thoroughly elated at the opportunity to take any sort of dominance over her older sister. Satsuki chose to ignore that her hips were already twitching at the thought. “Hrrmmnn. Man, I wish I was there so I could squeeze those heavenly tits of yours.”

Satsuki pressed the phone between her ear and the pillow beneath her head, freeing her hand so she could run it across her collarbone. She mimicked Ryuko with it, pressing harder as she moved it down the plane of her chest. “How many times have I told you to not call them ‘tits’?”

“Oh c’mon, Satsuki...” Ryuko’s voice trailed off and Satsuki was certain she could hear the tiny whimper Ryuko made whenever her nipples were pinched. “You know it turns you on.”

She wanted to scoff at the accusation but was cut short by the sensation of her own nipples being rolled between dexterous fingers. “Mn- *maybe*.”

“Hah. *Maybe*? It’d be *maybe* if you weren’t already as riled up as you are.”

Any room that Satsuki had in her mind for being floored at the allegation was replaced the instant she squeezed her thighs together. The shock from her hypersensitive clitoris mixed with the sensation of her already slick-coated legs nearly causing her to audibly moan. She could hardly hiss the phrase, “*Fuck you*.”

“Working on it, love.” Satsuki took a moment to imagine the shape that Ryuko was in on the other end of the line. Her hands wandering across her own body, having to snake around the obstacles of a button down shirt and tight dress pants. She wondered if the top button had already come loose, if Ryuko had already slipped her hand into the scant amount of space, too impatient to wait.

There was something about the film-esque scenario coupled with the very substantial grunts and moans on the other end of the phone that had Satsuki gulping in air desperately. She chose to focus on it, aware that even if it were only briefly real, it was still enough to grant her a reprieve.

“God, Satsuki- you know I love it when you say my name like that.” Being as lost in her own thoughts as she was, Satsuki hadn’t realized that she’d been muttering Ryuko’s name into the mouth piece. Her body had curled in on itself, her fingers desperately working her into a frenzy.

There was nothing graceful about it. She couldn’t even remember how her hands had slid across her body to get between her thighs. All she cared about was the constant stimulation of her digits against her swollen clitoris and slippery entrance. As well as the way Ryuko was reciting her name on the end of the line, their voices covering each other over wavelengths and radio frequencies.

“Come on, Satsuki. Let me hear you.” Ryuko’s words were dripping with yearning. Calling out to Satsuki during her moments of passionate clairvoyance.

When she did manage to reach her climax it was horridly unceremonious. Punctual and abrupt. Satsuki’s body trembled in waves from the tips of her toes to her shoulders before she relented. Her wrists and fingers aching from overuse and carelessness. In the space between her ribs, buried at a point just behind her sternum, she could feel the stabbing weight of a terrible mix of emotions. Her fingers instinctively balled into the robe that had managed to haphazardly cling to her frame.

“Sats...”

She ignored Ryuko’s voice, her thoughts concentrating on beating back the anxiety attack she knew was knocking on her doorstep. Through the hazy panic in her mind she rationalized that it was born from a few variables. The most prominent being the lack of her sister’s presence in the wake of the aftermath.

“Satsuki.”

She opened her eyes, focusing on a spot on the wall across from her. The reassurance in Ryuko’s voice gave her the strength to take a calming breath.

“You still awake?” while there was a hint of concern in the question, it leaned more towards a playful undertone. Despite the uneasiness that Satsuki had endured a moment before she was able to smile.

“Yes.”

“Hah. Good. Was worried for a second there that you had worn yourself out.”

“Well-” Satsuki stifled a yawn against her wrist. “I can’t say that I’m not worn out.”

“Same. By the way, would you be able to pick me up from the airport the day after tomorrow?” there was a pause as Satsuki registered the question. “And I don’t mean, like, with the company car and shit. Just- uh-” the sound of Ryuko clearing her throat had Satsuki smirking, “it’d be really cool and all if you just came and got me yourself. Or some shit.”

There was something about the simplicity of the entire situation that managed to completely erase the tension in Satsuki’s body. Relaxing her with both post-orgasm relief and the thought of her sister coming home a week early. She thought about how it was exactly like Ryuko to sacrifice her own enjoyment for the health of others.

“I’ll be home a little later in the day. I figured that-”

“I’ll be there. Just text me tomorrow with the details.” Even though no sounds echoed through the earpiece, Satsuki was certain there was a grin of triumph on Ryuko’s face. “Good night, Ryuko.”

“Night, Sats. Love yah.”

“Love you, too.”

“Later.”

“Bye.”

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